

BAXTER SPRINGS NEWS.

M. H. GARDNER, Editor and Publisher.

Entered at the post-office at Baxter Springs, Kansas, as second class matter.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1890.

The Andersonville prison is to be turned into a club house by a G. A. R. post.

Springfield, Mo. made a gain of 14,271 in her population from 1880 to 1890.

Kansas City's census recount gives that city two thousand less population than the original count.

A paper was started at Fall River, Kan., and lived just two weeks. It couldn't stand the dry weather.

It is alleged that there is not room on the lake front at Chicago for the World's Fair to make a proper exhibit.

The Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians say they will become good Indians whenever the government pays them enough for their land.

Flour shipments from Minneapolis from January 1, 1890, to July 8 aggregate 3,052,120 barrels against 2,529,505 for the corresponding period last year.

The republican congressional convention for this district will be held at Columbus on Tuesday, Sept. 9, at 11 o'clock, to nominate a candidate for congress.

Eugene Ware, the Kansas poet, was a candidate for congress a few days ago. He is not now. Farmer Funston carried every precinct in Ware's own county.

Ten years ago the average number of fires in New York city was five a day. Now it is eight. The average loss at a fire was then \$1,700. It is now \$1,400.

Miss Specie South died at Edina, Mo., last Sunday morning, aged 112 years. She attended the inauguration of Washington in 1793, and was then about 13 years old.

The people's convention will be held in Columbus on the 5th of August to place in nomination a legislative and county ticket and select delegates to the state and congressional conventions.

John Whittaker Watson, author of "Beautiful Snow," died in New York city last Saturday at the age of 68. He had been living in that city for some time past in obscurity and poverty.

Somebody who has been looking up the matter says that there are now only five states in the union in which a schoolmaster can legally flog a pupil. The average Kansas boy will wonder if his state is one of the five.

Ex-State Treasurer Hemingway of Mississippi who stole a third of a million dollars goes to the penitentiary for five years. In the same prison are scores of colored men in for ten or twenty years for stealing \$10 or \$20.

The Kansas City Times thinks that the failure of the watermelon crop means the defeat of the republican party in Kansas this year, for the reason that the colored vote is not forthcoming under such circumstances.

A judge in Omaha in passing the death sentence on a murderer the other day used the form of law that he "pay the costs of this prosecution," when the culprit remarked that "it was a raw crack for the judge to make, and he would have to hustle to get the money."

An interesting experiment is soon to be made upon the plains near the state line of Colorado and Kansas by the agricultural department. In the agricultural appropriation bill, which is expected to become a law this week, is an item appropriating \$2,000 for the purpose of an experiment in producing rain-fall by exploding dynamite.

Superintendent Porter has begun sending out checks in payment of the services of the census enumerators. Checks are being sent direct to the enumerators, and are made payable at the sub-treasury in New York. About 500 checks will be sent out daily until the whole number, something over 5,000 enumerators, are paid.

A young lady living near Russell Springs, Kan., last fall plowed the ground and sowed ten acres of wheat with her own little hands. This summer when wheat matured she could get no reaper, and rather than see the crop go to waste she cradled the entire piece herself.

Kansas is not the only state that is fighting the original package houses. Following is from Russellville, Kentucky: "B. S. Loventhal & Son of Nashville, Tenn., opened up an 'original package' house here yesterday. Several citizens became indignant and had the parties arrested, who gave bond and are still doing business. A bitter fight is promised."

That Baby.

There was a baby in the railway car the other day. It was not an unusual child, but it had a decidedly bright face and pretty ways. For the first few miles she was very quiet, and her blue eyes looked around in wonderment for evidently it was the little one's first ride on the cars. Then as she became used to the roar and rumble, the baby proclivities asserted themselves and she began to play with her father's mustache. At first the father and mother were the only parties interested but soon a young lady in an adjacent seat nudged her escort and directed his attention to the laughing child. He looked up, remarked that it was a pretty baby and tried to look unconcerned; but it was noticed that his eyes wandered back to the spot occupied by the happy family, and he commenced to snore. The baby pulled the hair of an old lady in front, who turned around savagely and glared at the father with a look that plainly said "Nuisances should be left at home." But she caught sight of the laughing eyes of the baby, and when she turned back she seemed pleased about something. Several others had become interested in the child by this time,—business men and young clerks, old ladies and girls,—and when the baby hands grasped the large silk hat of her father and placed it on her own head, it made such a comical picture that an old gentleman across the way, unable to restrain himself, burst out into a loud guffaw, and then looked sheepishly out of the window, as if ashamed to be caught doing such an unmanly thing. Before another five minutes he was playing peek-a-boo across the aisle with the baby, and every one was envying him.

The ubiquitous young man, ever on the move, passed through, and was at a loss to account for the frowns of everybody. He had failed to notice the baby. The brakeman looked in from his post on the platform and smiled. The paper boy found no custom till he had spoken to the baby and jingled his pocket of change for her edification. The conductor caught the fever and chuckled the little one under the chin, while the old gentleman across the aisle forgot to pass up his ticket, so interested was he playing peek-a-boo. The old lady in front relaxed, and diving into her reticule unearthed a brilliant red pippin and presented it bashfully to the little one, who, in response, put her chubby arms around the donor's neck and pressed her rosy mouth to the old lady's cheek. It brought back a flood of remembrances to that withered heart, and a handkerchief was seen to brush first this way and then that, as if to catch a falling tear.

The train sped on and pulled into the station where the baby, with her parents, was to leave the car. A look of regret came over every face. The old gentleman asked if he couldn't kiss it just once; the old lady returned the caress she had received, and the baby moved toward the door, shaking a by-by over the shoulder of her papa, to which every one responded, including the newsboy, who emphasized his farewell with a wave of his hat. The passengers rushed to the side where the baby got off and watched till she turned out of sight at the other end of the station, shaking by-bys all the time. Then they lapsed into silence. They missed that baby, and not one of them would be unwilling to acknowledge it. The little one's presence had let a rift of sunshine into every heart, warm or cold, in that car.—Orphan's Friend, House of Angel Guardian.

Pasteur might have been the richest man in the world if he had cared for the commercial value of his discoveries and protected them by patents. In addition to his discoveries in the prevention of hydrophobia he discovered the cause of a mysterious disease among silkworms, which threatened to destroy the silkworm industry in France, and applied a remedy. The wine growers of France and Italy complained of their vines being slow to mature and the grapes to turn sour. Pasteur's investigations of the yeast germs taught the grower how these evils could be cured. He discovered the microbe which propagates disease in sheep, and suggested a remedy. These discoveries represent a gain to the community of many millions of dollars, but the great scientist has made no effort to profit personally from any of them.

A FEATHER RACER.

Bill Nye Describes the Agile and Graceful Ostrich.

William H. Root, late Duke of Council Bluffs and prefect of police at Laramie City, in the state of Wyoming, has secured, and is now training for the track on a southern Wyoming ranch, five bright, intelligent and highly elastic ostriches. Mr. Root contemplates taking these birds next season to the larger eastern cities and racing them publicly, charging an admission price, of course, and has already written to Mr. Erastus Wiman regarding the use of the Wild West grounds at Erastina on Staten Island, for this purpose.

Those who have had the pleasure of riding on the back of the agile and graceful ostrich "tout de suite" (French for "immediately") at the Jardin Mabillo—or possibly I am mistaken in this; it may be the Jardin des Plantes—will remember that immediately is a good roadster.

A good horse has no business with an ostrich. While a horse is considering where he will put his hind feet, so as not to cork himself, the ostrich, with a whole arm movement, steps off at the rate of eighteen feet per step with no danger to her extra limbs. The ostrich also has her limbs reasonably far apart, and therefore does not interfere.

About Ben Pangborn, of Watermelon township, Congo county, had a young filly ostrich which wanted to sit in the summer of '79, and he did not wish to have her do so, as he had sold the setting of eggs to a Sunday school for Easter. So he tied her by the hind leg to the kraal of a neighbor, 28 3/4 miles away. The chain was attached to her limb just below the calf of the limb, the other end being fastened to the root of a bumburrowallispus tree which grew near the kraal.

When the desire to sit comes over the female ostrich she cannot overcome it any more than a walking delegate can. She yields to it and becomes its willing slave. You can play on her with a fire department or tie a red rag to her overskirt, but you cannot quench her desire to occupy a sedentary position.

That was the way with this young thing. Her name was Patience. She had already sat several weeks on a pine-apple cheese, and, aside from giving it a rich home flavor, she could not detect any progress toward hatching out a wholesale grocery store.

So one day a great longing to get back to her nest 28 3/4 miles away came over her. She lost control of herself. Her mother nature asserted itself in a brief ejaculation such as the female ostrich makes when suddenly confronted by a great mental problem. In her mind's eye she saw those Sunday school children blowing the interior out of her large and juicy handiwork, and then decorating the exterior with lilies, etc., etc., and tying ribbons to them, and Patience arose and girded up her loins and gave a great kick that busted the periphery of the kraal and tore down the bumburrowallispus tree, and with the chain and a prong of the tree root, together weighing thirty-seven pounds, she trotted across to her home, by actual computation, in sixteen minutes and twenty-two seconds, though About Ben Pangborn made it a little short of that with his new stop sand glass. Patience thus made a record of at least a mile in thirty-three seconds, carrying thirty-seven pounds attached to the calf of her limb.

Mr. Root says that he can reduce this record greatly, and has done so already in several instances. He has five birds now in hand, named and described as follows:

Timbuctoo, a large ash of roses bird, over ten feet high, who paces without urging at thirty-seven on an empty stomach. Give him a little hot lunch out of the cellar of a recently burned hardware store and he can make it in twenty-nine, so Mr. Root says. Timbuctoo has a powerful digestion and a tapeworm which coaxes ship chandlery and railroad rolling stock. It will pay to get your tips from Timbuctoo.

Overgrown Williams is a large, soiled white gelding, with no record as yet, though he has taken no dust from any other bird in the United States, barring those on Mr. Root's ranch. He is young yet and awkward. He also shies some, and when he does so is apt to step out from under his rider, leaving him in a comatose state. He weighs 287 pounds, and hopes to do even better than that as he fills out by another spring.

T. De Witt Talmage is a pearl gray ostrich of rather slender build, who has always led an upright life, or at least, if not, he has never allowed anybody to get on to it, as Mr. Root says. De Witt makes good time and acts as his own jockey. The Duke of Council Bluffs says this bird is the shrewdest one he has ever seen. He can throw a race with wonderful ease, and in a style that would tickle Satan almost to death.

Lily Dale is a large black ostrich from the Soudan. She is twenty-seven hands high and easily eats out of a second story window. She is not particular whose window it is, eyether. Lily is a broad shouldered brunette and has a record, but it is not a very good one. It was made in Africa, before she came here, and Mr. Root would rather not have anything said about it. She is very cross while

sitting, and Mr. Root is short two hired men this summer on that account. They are both buried in the same grave. An unknown bird fancier who came to see the ranch in May approached too close to the aviary, and Lily, who was at that time sitting on a tin sprinkler and endeavoring, by putting her mind on it, to hatch out a spring fresher, arose and kicked off the gentleman's silk hat.

Also his head.

Especially Oleson is a heavy set bird, weighing a trifle over 300 pounds. He is very docile and eats out of one's hand, sometimes returning the hand when he gets through with it. He has very beautiful corn colored plumes and does not sing while moulting. Especially Oleson and Lily Dale will be driven by a small colored lad. Mr. Root says they will be harnessed to a two wheeled vehicle weighing thirty-seven and a half pounds, the dark weighing sixty pounds, and will make four miles straightway and return in less than nineteen minutes.

The novelty of these races will easily advertise them and the expense will be small. Local entertainment bureaus are requested to communicate with Mr. Root, who will give rates of percentage on which he will play. A good mile track, properly inclosed, will be all that is necessary when he goes on the road. Different colored ribbons will mark the favorites, and naturally much money will change hands.

The study of the ostrich is filled with interest to the thinking mind. Minds not used for thinking purposes, however, will find little to interest them in the ostrich. One odd feature about this bird is the custom common to the female of laying several extra eggs outside the nest for the young to eat as soon as they are hatched. This is only true, however, of the birds who inhabit Syria, Palestine and Egypt, as they are not strictly tropical. In the tropical latitudes, of course, the ostrich does not sit on her eggs, but deposits them in a sand pile, and with a degree of indolent faith worthy of a mother who is a corporal in the Salvation Army she turns them over to an all wise providence to hatch out, while she goes forth seeking out other people's children in order that she may reform them.

Little boys should never rob the nests of these birds unless they are in readiness to face an infuriated God. Once there was a little boy living about eighteen miles southwest of Timbuctoo whose name was Gooloo Goolson. He did not know what was right and what was wrong. He had a little rudimentary conscience, but it did not annoy him at all. A little gospel had entered the family years ago, but Gooloo was too young to get much of it, as he had to eat at the second table, and there was very little left after the old folks got through. So Gooloo did not know that it was wrong to rob an ostrich nest and substitute a scooped out watermelon.

But he does now.

Whether he has went people know almost everything. Especially they know that to fool the mamma bird with a warm watermelon rind is no way to live.

The ostrich is not a brainy bird. Even in Arabia, where knowledge instead of being a power is generally regarded as a calamity, the natives, when they want to say a biting thing of some peculiarly gifted ass, say he is "as stupid as an ostrich."

A bird dog is of little use in hunting the ostrich for in many instances instead of flushing the bird he gets a little flushed himself.

Featherdusters are mostly the handiwork of the Nandu or Americanos—trick. At the Cape Colony many ostriches are domesticated for their plumes, eggs, oil and rarely their flesh which is a little gamey, but not half bad.

Cases of crop in Africa have been almost instantly relieved by catching an ostrich, frying the oil out of it while yet warm and applying it to the exterior and interior of the child.

The ostrich is gregarious, omnivorous, polygamous and endogenous. It gives a great deal of time to the pleasing occupation of digestion. The parent bird does not hunt food for her young at all, but leaves them to hustle for themselves, as Aristotle has it. The mother provides them at their birth with but one worm apiece, and that is all.

It is a tape worm.

BILL NYE.

When a man raises his own cows, he knows pretty nearly what he has got from the beginning, is in no danger of introducing disease into his herd by purchasing cows, and will have cows that are "acclimated" on his farm.

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C. G. HORNOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW and U. S. Commissioner. Office in Drovers and Farmers' Bank building.

W. H. HORNOR, ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office in Drovers and Farmers Bank.

Stockholders' Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of the Galena, Guthrie & Western Railway Company that a meeting of the stockholders of said company will be held at the company's office in the city of Baxter Springs, Kansas, upon the 13th day of August, 1890, at 8 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing the Board of Directors of said company for the ensuing year.

Dated July 16th, 1890. O. J. NICHOLS, Secretary.

[First publication July 12, 1890.]

Notice of Appointment—Administrator.

State of Kansas, Cherokee County: In the matter of the estate of John Simmons late of Cherokee County, Kansas.

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT. Notice is hereby given, that on the 26th day of June, A. D. 1890, the undersigned was, by the probate court of Cherokee county, Kansas, duly appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of John Simmons late of Cherokee county, deceased. All parties interested in said estate will take notice and govern themselves accordingly. PHILIP USREY, Administrator.

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